THE WASP.

By Robert Rusticoat, Esquire.

Vol. I.] *"To lash the Rascals naked through the world."* [No. 3.

HUDSON, JULY 31, 1802.

A CHAMPION of Jacobinism, who signs himself "Amor Libertatis," and writes for the Sun of Pittsfield, exceeds "Old South" of Boston, in wild and senseless rant —and in falshood and calumny he stands on a footing with Paddy Duane, or the printer of the "Sun" himself. To prove this I have only to make a few extracts.

Among a score of pretty questions which "Amor Libertatis" puts to his "republican countrymen," I find the following :—

"Are you suited with the dismission of an useless "set of judges; or do you wish for so great a number "that a purse of gold might hang in the highway without danger of being stolen?"

Now, who does not know that every jacobin in the country considers a judge as wholly "useless."—Honest men would wish for such a prompt administration of justice, that a purse of gold might hang in safety in the highway; but jacobins on the contrary, sincerely wish that judges might be so *scarce* or so *corrupt*, that gold would not be safe any where—even in the vaults of banks. —Such times jacobins fervently pray for—and when such times arrive, "oppressed humanity will seek an asylum on our shores" in good earnest.

"Do you wish for freedom of speech and press; or "does a sedition law suit you better?"

Why did "Amor Libertatis" ask this question? Does he not know that a jacobin hates a law which restrains him from malicious lying? If jacobins are punished for lying—they might as well part with their tongues—for they CANNOT, they WILL NOT speak truth.

"In conversation with an honest, well-disposed man" (says *Amor Libertatis*) "something was said of Inter-"nal Taxation: and he asked what I thought of Con-"gress for taking off the duty on carriages and liquors, "and putting it on salt? I told him it was not the case."

Then, "Amor Libertatis," you told this honest, well disposed man, as plump a falshood as ever fell from the lips of a jacobin.—And it is thus you have long attempted to deceive those who have the credulity to believe you.

"Republicans" (says *Amor Libertatis*) "have no-"thing to do but to tell the truth to their neighbors. "'Tis an easy task, and a sure way to conquer."

Why did not "Amor Libertatis" find this out before? And now that he has found it out, why does he not put it in practice? Why deal so much in falshood when convinced of the utility of truth?—At a whipping post, a rogue will own that "honesty is the best policy,"—and the next day he will steal again.

After compreſſing three ſcore of villainous falſhoods againſt the federaliſts into half the number of lines, "Amor" proceeds :—

" So went the game.—One thouſand dollars here—
" an hundred thouſand there, and a million ſome where
" elſe—fine ſport for the ſpeculators.—If the Demo-
" crats are like to find us out we'll burn the treaſury
" office and live by what we have got already."

If "Amor Libertatis" can read this to a ſecond perſon, leſs hardened than himſelf, without hiding his face for ſhame, his impudence is only exceeded by his knavery.

To conclude, I copy the following piece of downright blaſphemy from the production of "Amor Libertatis," to convince my readers that he is not only a villain but a madman :—

" Next in importance to that glorious day that de-
" clared us free and independent, is the day that Tho-
" mas Jefferſon became Preſident of the United States.
" On that auſpicious day tyranny took its flight from
" Columbia. The Sun of Republicaniſm burſting
" from the dark clouds of faction, again ſhone on our
" political hemiſphere. Every boſom not dead to pa-
" triotiſm glowed with genuine joy, and the immor-
" tal ſpirits of our revolutionary martyrs, headed by
" the ſainted Waſhington, joined the ſurviving bre-
" thren in ſhouting "*Hail Columbia, happy land*;"
" while archangels with their golden trumpets proclaim-
" ed to the hoſt of heaven that reaſon had gained a vic-
" tory on earth."

I HAVE ſeldom ſeen a more *pithy* ſet of toaſts, than thoſe given in the county of Renſſelaer, on the late anniverſary of American Independence. I ſhall, therefore, take the liberty of ſelecting a few of them, and of ſubjoining ſome remarks and explanations :—

" The Treaſury of the United States—*May the good*
" *genius of Columbia guard us from the fatal effects*
" *of* Genevan *economy, experienced by that of Lewis*
" *the ſixteenth.*"

SONG—So Landlady fetch us a gallon of Whiſkey.

Every body knows that Mr. Jefferſon's Secretary of the Treaſury (Albert Gallatin) is a Genevan by birth ; and of courſe the above toaſt needs no explanation : But perhaps, the ſong will not be as well underſtood by every reader : it is, therefore, neceſſary to ſtate that Albert Gallatin, a Genevan by birth, and now Secretary of the Treaſury of the United States, had a principal hand in fomenting the *whiſkey-inſurrection* in Pennſylvania. What will Americans think of a Preſident, who takes an office, of the firſt truſt in the union, from a native citizen to beſtow it on a turbulent foreigner?

" The State of New-York—*May her future Legiſ-*
" *latures never again diſgrace her, by appointing*
" *to the important office of* Elector, *a man indebted*
" *to his heels for the privilege of wearing his ears.*"

It is an indiſputable fact, that one of the democratic electors for Preſident, who was choſen by our ſtate legiſlature, at the laſt election, fled from a neighboring ſtate, as the only means of ſaving his ears—for alas! he made uſe of a *name* which did not belong to him.

" The Lieut. Governor—*The long forbearing and*
" *indulgent creditor: he burnt the federal conſtitution*
" *on Gallows-hill, in* 1789, *and waited his honorary*
" *reward till* 1801. *O! what a virtue is patience.*"

This toaſt explains itſelf—it is certainly true that the preſent Lieutenant-Governor, led a mob in mock proceſſion to Gallows-hill, and burnt the federal conſtitution, after its adoption.—Under the new order of things he is rewarded.

" The late erected Judiciary for the county of Renſ-
" ſelaer—*May it never again ſubject itſelf to fine and*
" *impriſonment by committing aſſault and battery on*
" *the Executive,*"

This needs explanation—Be it known, then, that when R——t W——th, (one of the preſent *virtuous* judges of Renſſelaer) was formerly a judge, he commenced a ſuit againſt a gentleman of Troy, for ſlander. Amongſt the witneſſes produced to prove the *badneſs* of the judges character, was the then ſheriff of Renſſelaer, who, though of the judges own ſect, gave a very unfavorable teſtimony with reſpect to his general character. This it ſeems was never forgiven by the judge, who conſidered it as a dereliction of principles. The court before which this evidence was given was held in Albany. The circuit court was held in Renſſelaer the ſucceeding week, and W——th was one of the preſiding judges. Whilſt the court was ſitting, he left the bench—met the ſheriff near the door of the court-houſe—dragged him into a neighboring barn, where, after calling him many opprobrious names, on account of the aforeſaid teſtimoney, he knocked him down—beat him unmercifully, and then returned and took his ſeat on the bench with his brethren. He was afterwards indited, found guilty, and fined.

Soon after this, the commiſſion for Renſſelaer expired. When it was renewed, A. Spencer, Eſq. who

was a member of the Council and well acquainted with the tranſactions here recited, being aſked if he intended to have W——th reappointed, replied—"The old villain [or raſcal, the editor is not certain which] ſhall never hold an office in the ſtate while I live in it."—He added, at the ſame time, that "his conſcience would never let him conſent to the appointment of a man to any office, who had been guilty of ſuch attrocious conduct."—In the turn of events Mr. Spencer and the judge have become members of the ſame ſect—birds of the ſame feather. And, of courſe W——th is again appointed a judge, by a council of which Mr. Spencer was a member.

THE *Mock Sun* of Pittsfield, has undertaken to "ſcratch" Mitchell—but he unfortunately ſcratched where Mitchell did not *itch*.—This dim luminary, ſays that the Barometer is edited with *great* candor, fairneſs and ability.—Alas! alas! what an unlucky ſcratch for Mitchell! Great candor! Great fairneſs! Great ability!—To candor and fairneſs Mitchell himſelf makes no pretenſions—he is bought by a party, whoſe cauſe he is pledged to ſupport, at the expence not only of candour and fairneſs, but even of truth and honeſty.—Great ability! Ah! this *ſop* Mitchell will ſwallow—this is the very ſpot where he has long been itching.——"Yes, yes" will he exclaim while he recurs back to his proem, "I am a man of abilities, for the young Aurora of Pittsfield ſays ſo, and he is a *plaguey knowing fellow.*"

The following *Toaſt* drank by the Cheſhire folks, who made the big Cheeſe for Mr. Jefferſon, appears in the Pittsfield Sun.

"May the ſplendour of the *Republican* SUN continue to eclipſe the *twinklings* of the *Weſtern Lightning Bug.*"

"The *ſplendour* of the Republican Sun." Since the printer of the Sun has undertaken to be the eulogiſt of his own paper—I beg leave to aſk, when the Sun has exhibited any *ſplendour* except in the *name*.——"*Continue* to eclipſe."——Why tell of the *continuation* of an eclipſe, before the *beginning* is mentioned?—For my part, I have never perceived that the Sun of Pittsfield afforded light enough to out-ſhine a Glow-Worm.

☞ *The following communication was received too late for my laſt paper.*

COMMUNICATION.

"THE fiddling mind of Harry Croſwell!" ſays the *learned* Barometer blackguard. *Fiddling* mind! was ever any thing ſo *muſical*. The *many* may not know why this fellow ſhould uſe ſuch ſtrange words. But the truth is well known to be, that Harry has ſcraped Mitchell at ſuch a rate, and Mitchell has ſqueaked out ſuch horrid diſtreſſed tones, much to the entertainment of all lovers of fun, that coming too again at laſt, the fellow now tries to perſuade people it was nothing but fiddling—a mere frolic!

☞ THE WASP will be ſent *gratis* to ſuch printers as requeſt it, of whom no papers are required in exchange. The editor is averſe to giving Poſt-maſters any needleſs trouble, and he is favored with the peruſal of all papers received at the Balance-Office.

To *CORRESPONDENTS.*

A Budget of *fat things*, ſent to me by a distant friend, was received at too late an hour, to be as useful as was intended.—Some of the pieces, however are seasonable.

Every thing tending to promote the object of this paper (as expressed in ths motto) will be thankfully received.

FOR THE WASP.

It will be recollected that the Inſpectors of Coxackie (Green County) returned 120 *votes for Conrad Elmendorf, though the votes had been given for Conrad* Edmund *Elmendorf: by which means his antagoniſt, John Cantine, became entitled in the opinion of the Canvaſſers of* 1802, *to a ſeat in Congreſs as fairly as Mr. Clinton did to the Governors chair in '92. It is a fine thing to be cried up for a Republican—for then you may burn votes and make falſe returns, and you are never the worſe for it. And if people grumble, tell them they are all a pack of* Tories, *and turn away from them like that good Phariſee, who is abuſed in ſcripture, and lift up your ſtaring eyes to heaven and thank God, you are not as one of* thoſe. *Your correſpondent 'Squire Ruſticoat, was ruminating upon theſe things, and wrote the following, which he hopes you will have no objection to print under the title of*

TRICK UPON TRICK,

OR

HONESTY OUT-WITTED.

THE Democrats in ninety-two,
When Democrats, alas! were few,
Reſolv'd to keep for three years more,
Old Clinton in as Governor,
So firſt they tried to get ſome votes,
But people heeded not their notes—
What next? We'll burn the votes of Jay,
And tell the dogs 'tis all fair play;
So ſaid, ſo done: behold the ſmoke,
The ballots burn—*a clever joke!*

The Fed'rals, coming into power,
Declar'd ſuch things ſhould be no more,
So mighty wiſely paſs'd a law,
Which *they* ſuppos'd without a flaw:—
Th' Inſpectors ſhould the ballots count,
And make a *true return* upon't;
And this to County Clerk ſhould ſend,
That burning votes might have an end—
And then with joy they all were heated.
As if no more they could be cheated.
But thó' the Demo's dare not burn,
They've learn'd to make *a falſe return.*
The Fed'rals ſtand aghaſt at this *new evil,*
And juſtly own that Demo's beat the devil.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

MODERN SUBLIMITY.

[*My friend* BUMBASTICUS BUMBERNICKLE, Eſq. *who is as great a poet as Mr. Mitchell,* pretty near, *has ſent me the following ſpecimen of his ſublimity.—In the* art of ſinking *he beats Mitchell, who never* ſinks *—and no wonder—for he never* riſes.]

BLAIR, ſomewhere in his lectures, ſays, that rhyme
Is inconſiſtent with the true ſublime.
I ſay 'tis falſe! with rhyme I'll mount on high—
Gee up! Pegaſus! tread the azure ſky—
Not far enough—let's go where planets move,
And pay a viſit to the heathen Jove.
Well, here we are—Jove keeps a deuced houſe—
Now juſt a whipping of his ſtubborn ſpouſe.
I'll go no further, nor more viſits pay
To ſuch as him, ſo Pegaſus away—
Deſcend to where the diſmal tempeſt roars
With horrid ſounds, that ſhake proud Hudſon's ſhores—
There I'll diſmiſs you till another time—
You're much too good to carry earthly rhyme.

And now I've come once more on earth to lodge,
Diſmiſs'd my ſteed, once more on foot to trudge—
Hark! while I ſing, how from proud Hudſon's docks,
Two mighty waves bore off two tatter'd frocks
Which there had lain, and how another wave
With force reſiſtleſs ſwept away one ſtave,
And paſſing onward ruſh'd upon three mice
And jam'd them headlong in a pile of joiſt,
While I ſecure, amid theſe dreadful ſhocks,
Took forth a quid from my old 'bacco-box!

PRINTED AT THE BALANCE-OFFICE,

BY HARRY CROSWELL,

FOR THE EDITOR.